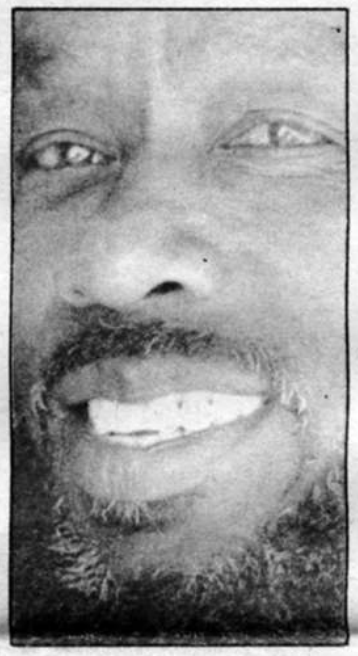
Punch-out at the Rock Chorale
All in the Lear Family...
A Night Away From the Louds

READER

August 2 to August 8, 1973 SAN DIEGO'S FREE WEEKLY

This is California and we don't have spittoons here.

spit and polish



By Gale Fox

Deep downtown San Diego, in a bootblack booth so tiny it disappears after closing, thrives the wit, wisdom, and wistfulness of Walter H. Clark. That's "Clark" spelled "Klark" on the blackboard. "I do it just for devilment."

He's got more jokes tucked up in his beard—all true stories, too—than would last a month of shoeshines. For nineteen years working that shoeshine stand on Third,south of Broadway, and for seventeen or so years before that, he's watched San Diego move north and south from downtown. The city renews his license every six months in exchange for $2.50, and the owners of the adjacent parking lot rent him the land. It used to be such a good spot for collecting friends, stories, years, that he had assistants Wednesday through Saturday. From his Third Avenue experiences, Clark has evolved a certain harmony of life, though not an acceptance of the stutus quo. And he'll be glad to offer his point of view, providing he takes a shine to you.

Downtown is neglected nowadays. Only the downtown workers shop the downtown stores. "Loss of loyalty to the community," he calls it — the way "the white man destroys cities by taking money out and bringing it to the suburbs or sending it to New York or San Francisco". Suburbia and the conglomerates ruin the country by destroying neighborhoods. He reminisces about Montague and Cumming, the neighborhood grocery of his Charleston boyhood, where they gave away liver and pig feet since "no one had the money to buy it". And Clark isn't just crying"shame".The style of living he prefers blooms on his block because of his efforts to cultivate it.

"I'm a fighter for this neighborhood." And he means it in a peaceful way; he believes in the power of the written word. His chief weapon is that blackboard. When the stand is closed, passersby check the board for his work schedule and his cheery greeting, "If those that know good service will come with open arms and dirty shoes—I'm here to greet you..."; when he's on duty, they'll read his latest encouraging word on current politics, and stop to swap opinions. Clark's words and word about Clark have spread beyond the dimensions of his tiny stand.

"I'm a fighter!" And he means it in an ecological way; he believes in living harmoniously with his environment. Symbol of this harmony is his tree. Because of the cement stand high around the base, the city tree before Clark's shoeshine booth is different from the others on the block. He uses it as a planter for flowers and corn; passersby use it as a spittoon. The sign he tacked up, "Please do not litter my tree" aided him in clearing it of litter and spit, but the city made him remove the nailed-on sign. His story about the tobacco-chawing Texan is one episode in his long history of service toward that tree.

First thing of a morning, the scuffy-toed Texan insisted on a shine. Clark finally obliged him, though not ready to open. Hearing himself called "boy" in a very nasty tone of voice, Clark put up with Nicotine-mouth until he spit into the tree via Clark's head. W.H.C., in turn, let go of his temper. "This is California, and we don't have spittoons here. Now you get down from there and shine my shoes!" The Texan was eventually persuaded to step down, and Clark remembers, "I felt very, very good about that."

He talks to the tree, sings to it, and believes in his green finger which made his aunt's sickly plants thrive. "I'm a Baptist, and I know I shouldn't say it, but I can't help wondering if I wasn't ever a vegetable or a plant." He could just as soon have been a white salesman or a black doctor or a Mexican business man; he communicates so easily with all the life downtown.

The corn he planted in a kind of contest with the man around the corner was getting so high it almost reached his taste buds. But one night, darkly behind his back, the city did away with the corn. Clark was later informed that they were afraid someone might get sick from eating corn grown near a sprayed tree. His competitor's corn was broken by some anonymous citizens. "People tear up flowers and throw them in the street just out of meanness." Clark tends his tree out of love.

In 1937, the Navy brought Walter H. Clark from Charleston to San Diego. It was so pretty here he stayed. So many lakes, dried up now; Christmases downtown, faded now. San Diego was a small town, mostly Navy, and segregated. He knew nearly all the coloured people in town. Signs "NO NEGROES ALLOWED", dancing halls where he and his wife were ostracized, hard times for his children in prejudiced schools were everyday weather for Clark. But like the tree, "I bend with the wind."

Back then Clark hadn't yet experienced the satisfaction of self-employment. He left his job at Convair because he hates "clockwatches" and hates doing a job where something carelessly done can result in injury to a stranger. He has seen men leave a detail on an airplane job half done at the L-u-u-u-n-c-h call, and, once back on the job, forget the other half. "I know I can't hurt anyone by giving a half shine."

Chances are you won't get a half shine from Walter H. Clark. He'll either do his best or give you the brush-off. Customer appreciation gives him deep satisfaction. "The best things that ever happened to me are small things like someone telling me 'That was the best shine I ever had!' " Toward his steady clientele, "I'm that close with them that my customers are more like relatives." There are those, however, who never do come back for a second shine.

Take the Saturday night when the action still focused on downtown and the Cadillac pulled up outside Clark's stand. The driver wanted a wax shine, the 50¢ shine, not the plain shine for 35¢. Clark let the man know the going rate, but after the shine, Mr. Caddy paid him only 35¢. Said that all he pays for a shine is 35¢. And he walked off. Clark got mad enough to pick up the old quarter and dime and throw them after Mr. Caddy, who retrieved them, pocketed them, and kept on walking. (Maybe that's how he got his caddy.)

Although his fondest memories were born at the Third Avenue stand, Clark spends only Friday evenings and weekend afternoons there now. Three years ago the downtown Florsheim asked him to work for them. He's there 9 to 4:30 during the business week with his TV tuned to Watergate. And he performs Saturday mornings at Courtesy Chevrolet in Mission Valley. For a while Clark had two Third Avenue addresses, this one, and the other one north of Broadway in the old California Building. Pin-ups and plain talk made it a gentleman's place, although women, too, would pass and laugh at the pictures, taking no offense until...The one of the fat lady spilling over into her gooey birthday cake captioned by Clark, "Be careful ladies or this could be you" offended two sensitive matrons. He told them that they just didn't get the joke and that he wouldn't take it down. "And they honked me to death" and came back with a priest. The proper priest, stripped of sense of humor, kept insisting that the picture was evil. Clark lost his respect for priests. "Your damn white collar gets just as dirty as mine." When the priest brought along the police, the picture was still there. A young policeman, who understood Clark's feelings, suggested that he leave the evil thing up all that day and then take it down for good. "So I compromised. It would have taken too much out of me to take it down right then."

He hasn't much respect for healers, either, although he claims travel with the Navy drove all the prejudice out of him. In particular, the day he had a toothache and the toothless holiness lady came along to heal him ...let Clark tell you the rest of that one, in person.

Despite his firmly held opinions, Walter H. Clark is loose enough to live through any downtown happening with twinkle-eyed tolerance. Father of five, including two step-children, he's an extremely young and vigorous fifty-five. People even criticize his dressing "too young" and give him grief about his beard. Clark gets along better with young folks than with people his own age and dresses the way he feels. When his customers watch others passing and cat about their clothes, he protests that people should try to get close to one another, not stand apart over trivialities. Blacks, black men, anyway, set fashion because they have the nerve not to care what people say and thus, dress to please themselves.

Clark's present Third Avenue address is 837, next to the Off-Broadway Theatre stage door. He knew it when it was a burlesque house. Clark's stand is tiny, but its aura colours half the block. Whether you stop by for a shoe-job or a chat, you always step away with a shine in your soul. □

August 2 to August 8

THIS WEEK IN SAN DIEGO

Actor's Quarter	480 Elm	234-9325
California State Univ.	San Diego	286-5204
Cassius Carter Theatre	Balboa Park	239-2255
City College Theatre	14th & C Sts.	239-7854
Community Concourse	3rd & B Sts.	236-6510
Coronado Playhouse	Silver Strand, Coronado	435-4856
Crystal Palace Theatre	3785 Ocean Front Walk	488-8001
Fine Arts Gallery	Balboa Park	232-7931
Folk Arts	3743 Fifth Ave	291-1786
Jewish Community Center	4079 54th	583-3300
La Jolla Art Assn	7917 Girard Ave	459-3001
La Jolla Museum	700 Prospect St.	454-0183
Mission Playhouse	3960 Mason, Old Town	295-6453
Old Globe Theatre	Balboa Park	239-2255
Palomar College Theatre	Palomar College	744-1150
Patio Playhouse	373 Hale Ave., Escondido	746-6669
San Diego Art Institute	Balboa Park	234-5946
San Diego Public Library	820 E Street	236-5800
Sports Arena	3500 Sports Arena Blvd	224-4171
Timken Art Gallery	Balboa Park	239-5548
UCSD	La Jolla	453-2000
USIU	pt. Loma	224-3211
USIU Conservatory	350 Cedar Street	239-0391
Valley Music Theatre	1340 Broadway, El Cajon	442-0473

museums and galleries

FOUR-DIMENSIONAL analytic design. One man show. Leslie and Lynne Moore. July 10 through August 11, Monday — Saturday, 9 am—5 pm. Fine Art Store, 4683 Cass, Pacific Beach.

BRONZE SCULPTURES by Andrea Hoffman, Welded Steel Sculptures by Ron Tatro; Nineteenth Century European Drawings and Watercolors; continuing:drawings, paintings, and graphics by Fritz Scholder, and Lithographs by Martin Wiener, Orr's Gallery, 2200 Fourth Avenue, San Diego.

CITY IS FOR PEOPLE. Large sculptures lent by artists on East and West coasts exhibited throughout downtown area. Correlated exhibitions at Fine Arts Gallery showing development of San Diego and multi-media presentation of public art in major U.S. cities. July 14 through September 23.

SVIHLA COLLECTION, oriental ceramics and porcelains dating from the 10th through the 18th centuries. Fine Arts Gallery. July 14 through September 23.

COLOR LITHOGRAPHS and etchings by Pat Tebor, Athenaeum, 1008 Wall Street, La Jolla. Through July. Open Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays 2:00 — 5:30 P.M.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN, California abstract painter, forty paintings and lithographs, La Jolla Museum of Contemporary Art. July 7 through August 12.

GALLERY 8— jewelry show featuring works by local and Bay Area craftsmen, as well as ethnic pieces from Africa, Egypt, India, Peru and Polynesia. All items for sale. International Center, Matthews Campus, UCSD. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 3:00 P.M.

theatre

SUDS IN YOUR EYE, a comedy, Actors Quarter Theatre, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 P.M. Through August 18.

PLAY READINGS of new plays, presented by The New Heritage Theatre, Inc., Valencia Room, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Sundays, 6:30 p.m. Through August 5.

CABARET, presented by Valley Musical Theatre and San Diego City College, Wednesdays through Sundays, 8 p.m. and Sundays, 2:30 p.m.

THE GINGERBREAD LADY, a play by Neil Simon, Mission Playhouse, Fridays and Saturdays, 8:30 P.M.

FETCH A RABBIT SKIN, by Rosie Driffeld, and THE DEATH OF DOCTOR PARKER, by Anne Sniderman, Crystal Palace Theatre, Fridays through Sundays, 8:30 p.m. Through September 16.

MAME, presented by Grossmont College's Griffin Players, Stagehouse Theatre, August 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, and 11, 8:00 p.m. For reservations, call 465-1700, ext. 327.

PAL JOEY, the Rodgers and Hart musical comedy, starring Dean Jones, Off Broadway Theatre, Tuesdays through Saturdays, 8:30 p.m.; Saturdays and Sundays, 2:00 p.m.; Sundays, 7:30 p.m.

NAUGHTY NAUGHTY, a musical comedy presented by the San Diego Junior Theatre, Casa del Prado, Balboa Park, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 8:00 p.m.; Sundays, 2:00 p.m.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Thursday and Saturday, August 2 and 4, 8:30 p.m.

KING LEAR, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Friday and Tuesday, August 3 and 7, 8:30 p.m., Sunday and Wednesday, August 5 and 8, 2:00 p.m.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, National Shakespeare Festival, Old Globe Theatre, Sunday and Wednesday, August 5 and 8, 8:30 p.m.; Saturday, August 4, 2:00 p.m.

PRIVATE LIVES, by Noel Coward, Old Globe Theatre's Cassius Carter Stage, Friday, Sunday, and Tuesday, August 3, 5, and 7, 8:30 p.m.; Saturday, August 4, 2:00 p.m.

I DO! I DO!, a comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, Old Globe Theatre's Cassius Carter Stage, Thursday, Saturday, and Wednesday, August 2, 4, and 8, 8:30 p.m.; Sunday, August 5, 2:00 p.m.

ONE EYE, TWO EYES, THREE EYES, presented by the McIntyre Puppet Players, Balboa Park Puppet Theatre, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, August 3, 4, and 5, 1:30 and 2:30 p.m.

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS, Starlight musical, San Diego Open Air Theatre, Wednesday through Saturdays, through August 18, 8:30 p.m. Opens August 8.

lectures and talks

GARDENS AND ARCHITECTURE, ninth in the series The Arts and Culture of Japan, James S. Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Tuesday, August 7, 7:15 p.m.

THE ARTS OF JAPAN AND THE WESTERN INFLUENCE IN THE PRESENT CENTURY, tenth and last in the series The Arts and Culture of Japan, James S. Copley Auditorium, Fine Arts Gallery, Wednesday, August 8, 7:15 p.m.

EXPLORER JACQUES-YVES COSTEAU, "An Artificial Ocean for an Artificial Planet," San Diego Civic Theatre, Wednesday, August 8, 8:00 p.m.

sports

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Los Angeles, San Diego Stadium, Monday, August 6, 7:30 p.m.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Los Angeles, San Diego Stadium, Tuesday, August 7, 7:30 p.m.

BASEBALL: Padres vs. Philadelphia, San Diego Stadium, Wednesday, August 8, 7:30 p.m.

dance

LA KOTA INDIAN DANCERS, Balboa Park Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Thursday, August 2, 7:30 p.m.

BALLET FOLKLORICO en Aztlan, part of Evenings in the Park series, Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, Friday, August 3, 7:30 p.m.

FOUR SHORT BALLETS: "Imuanem," "Summer Dance Festival," with original music and chants from the Iroquois, Sioux and Winnebago nations, "Bachianas Brazilieras," dancing to the music of Hector Villa-Lobos, and "Dessins sur Bach," a neoclassic work. Presented by the San Diego Ballet. Spreckels Organ Pavilion, Balboa Park, Saturday, August 4, 3:00 p.m. Admission free.

music

E.L. BLUES BAND, Neutral Ground, Wednesday, August 1 and Thursday, August 2. 8 and 11 p.m.

STRAIGHT FLUSH, Conference Building, Balboa Park, Friday, August 3. 8 p.m.

NANCY WILSON, with the Cannonball Adderly Quintet, benefit concert for the Elementary Institute of Science, San Diego Civic Theatre, Friday, August 3, 8:00 p.m.

OLD TOWN, the country duo of Ken Shaw and Jim Morris, Folk Arts, Friday and Saturday, August 3 and 4, 8:00 p.m.

MOZART IN AUGUST, an all-Mozart concert, conducted by Rafael Druian, concertmaster of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, featuring pianist Sidney Foster, Sherwood Hall, 700 Prospect, La Jolla, Saturday, August 4, 8:30 p.m.

SAN DIEGO CHAMPIONSHIP OLD-TIME BANJO AND FIDDLE CONTEST, Pepper Grove, Balboa Park, Sunday, August 5. (Starts about 11:00 a.m.) Admission free.

MARK ALMOND, Joe Walsh and Barnstorm, and Robin Trower, San Diego Civic Theatre, Sunday, August 5, 8:00 p.m. All seats reserved.

JOHN GREENE and PIANIST JAMES FIELDS, with the San Diego Symphony Orchestra, San Diego State Open Air Theatre, Monday, August 6, 8:00 p.m.

MUSICA, TIJUANA Y DRUIAN, presented by UCSD, Tijuana City Hall, Tuesday, August 7, 8:00 p.m.

THIS EVENTS CALENDAR IS COMPILED EACH WEEK BY THE READER AND IS A SERVICE SPONSORED BY THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FIRST NATIONAL BANK. ALL INQUIRIES REGARDING THE EVENTS LISTED HERE SHOULD BE MADE TO THE READER — 454-1052 — OR TO THE EVENT SPONSOR. PLEASE SEND ITEMS TO BE LISTED TO: READER, P.O. BOX 80803, SAN DIEGO, CA. 92138 OR CALL: 454-1052.

All in the Lear Family... a Night Away From the Louds

—Jonathan Saville—

All literary tragedies, whether on the stage or in fiction, are about unhappy families. Apparently there is no human experience which so engages our passions of love, hate, guilt, revenge, remorse—the tragic passions—as the experience we all have, at one time or another, of being dependent for our whole emotional existence on parents, on children, on brothers and sisters. The murderous rages towards persons we are intimately bound to in love, the change of heart that comes too late, even the great tragic speeches of denunciation and self-denunciation—before we saw them enacted at Thebes or Mycenae, in Elsinore or St. Petersburg, we have lived them all through in our own comfortable modern living-rooms. Hence the power of tragedy to move us beyond any other art form.

And hence the power of *King Lear,* Shakespeare's—and the world's— greatest tragedy. A single line in the play's second act sums up, with the force of a descending axe-blade one of those dreadfully painful conflicts, not a member of the audience—of any audience—can have been free of. Lear, who is old, silver-haired and cranky, has divided his kingdom between two of his daughters, Goneril and Regan, who are flourishing in their youth, their beauty, their easy command over the pleasures of sex and sense. He thinks of his act as one of extreme generosity, and in return for it he wants his daughters to revere him and minister to his comforts. But, now in control of the old man's wealth and power, Goneril and Regan find their father a burden, they resent his exactions upon them, they want to be free.

Lear: I gave you all—

Regan: And in good time you gave it!

It is the universal conflict between the child who owes everything to his parents, yet cannot bear the sense of obligation this engenders, and the parent whose every gift is a subtle emotional I.O.U., to be paid on demand. The parent will give the child the whole world, but he will not give him freedom—yet not even for freedom will the child give in return what the parent desires: an unforced loving gratitude.

There is no solution to this conflict. Given tolerance and time, it usually works itself out in compromise, not fully satisfactory to either party; that is the way of the world. Pressed to the extreme, it results in the disintegration of the family, in breaches that cannot be repaired, in wounds that destroy the whole organism. This is the way of tragedy; it is, supremely, the way of *King Lear;* and, oddly enough, it is supremely satisfying, for all of the unbearable suffering the characters and the audience must undergo. Somehow we feel a unique exaltation in living through, in our imaginations, all the most horrible consequences of those family passions we have otherwise learned to get along with as inevitable and irresolvable. A great performance of a great tragedy, like *King Lear,* can do something for our emotional well-being that nothing in "real life" itself can.

A great performance of *King Lear* is not easily come by. The chief problem is that so many of the main characters are deeply contradictory within themselves. They either develop, in the course of the play, from one kind of personality into its opposite (Lear); or they embody opposing characteristics to begin with (Cordelia, Edmund); or they are forced, by the plot, to play several different roles (Edgar). You need a virtuoso cast, and a director with deep understanding of both character and stagecraft.

This is precisely what the Old Globe's new production of *King Lear* has. Ken Ruta, as Lear, gives a stunning portrayal of the old King's development from the arrogant, willful autocrat, who "hath ever but slenderly known himself," to the humble, submissive quasi-Christian who can characterize himself as "a very foolish fond old man." Anthony C. DeLongis, the least experienced and one of the youngest of this troupe of professional actors, does a brilliant job in the immensely challenging role of Edgar, who must play, variously, a noble and gullible son, a wild madman, a peasant, and an avenging knight far removed, in many of his attributes, from the Archangel Michael. As Goneril and Regan, Elizabeth Huddle and the very talented Irene Roseen are vividly sensual, scheming and spiteful. Richard Greene, Lee Corrigan, Peter Nyberg, Charles Haid and Herb Foster are more than excellent in some of the lesser roles. Only Charles Lanyer appears somewhat miscast as Edmund; Mr. Lanyer is an accomplished actor, but he is just a bit too bland, a bit too full of the milk of human kindness, to bring out fully the gorgeous romantic wickedness in Edmund's character.

Most of these actors seemed to me as good as anyone I have ever seen in their roles. Two members of the cast, however, were far better than anyone else I have seen playing these parts, and in fact I cannot conceive of greater performances than the ones they are giving now at the Old Globe. The two are Penelope Windust as Cordelia, Lear's one good daughter, and Sandy McCallum as Lear's Fool. There is a tendency for actresses to play Cordelia as all sweetness and light, so as to contrast her as sharply as possible with Goneril and Regan. None of this for Miss Windust. In her early scenes she is hard, stubborn, willful, sharp-tongued, clearly not some angelic changeling left on the doorstep, but a true member of the Lear family. Her father's daughter, she insists on the purity of the symbolic act, and she will not compromise, will not give way on a matter of will. Her sisters are wicked, and she is good, but just as theirs is a tough wickedness so hers is a tough goodness—tougher than theirs, as we see by the end of the play. Yet, like her father, she is humbled by the tragic events their mutual willfulness had set in motion. When Lear, at last reunited with the one daughter who loves him, hesitantly suggests that she may in fact be his Cordelia, Miss Windust's reading of the line "And so I am, I am" is one of the most heartbreakingly beautiful things you are ever likely to hear on a stage, or anywhere.

As for Sandy McCallum, he has shown himself in the other two productions of this season's Shakespeare festival to be a superb comedian. His Old Gobbo in *The Merchant of Venice* is deliciously droll; his Sir Eglamour—an entirely different sort of role—in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* —is elegantly courtly and absurd. But I would never have expected the deep wry melancholy, the perfection of tone, the pathetic and ultimately indescribable *oddness* he brings to the role of the Fool, surely the most enigmatic and challenging role in *King Lear.* You simply must not miss him; you will never forget this transcendent performance.

The direction, by Edward Payson Call, is of the highest order. From the first entry of Lear, huge, magnificent, primitive, like one of the pillars at Stonehenge come to life, you know you are dealing with a great director, and Mr. Call does not disappoint. There are a number of unfortunate cuts in the text, particularly the scene of the two servants after Gloucester has had his eyes put out (Act III, Scene vii) and an almost unendurable cut in Edgar's speech about Dover cliff, but all in all the text is not worse handled than is usual in modern productions. The music (by Conrad Susa) and sound effects (by Charles Richmond) were exceptionally effective, and Peggy Kellner, surely one of the two or three best costume designers in the country, has outdone herself in this production.

"Ripeness is all," says Edgar, in one of the play's most famous lines. This is a ripe production of *King Lear* —ripe in talent, ripe in wisdom, ripe in the beauty that can be drawn from suffering. Don't miss it. □

TELEVISION

Thursday, August 2

DIRTY HEROES, starring Curt Jurgens and John Ireland. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

GERTRUDE STEIN. Playhouse New York Biography. The life and work of the American author and art patron. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

THE DEATH OF A SALESMAN, dramatization of Arthur Miller's play. Channel 8, 9:00 p.m.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY. The girls go with Pat to Taos, New Mexico; Kevin accompanies Bill's business associate to Australia Bill finds a summer job for Grant; Lance calls from New York. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

Friday, August 3

DREAM WIFE, starring Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr. (1955). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

THE ALAMO, (Part II— Conclusion), starring John Wayne and Richard Widmark. Channel 10, 9:00 p.m.

EVENING AT THE POPS. Ella Fitzgerald sings. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL. Channel 10, 1:00 a.m.

Saturday, August 4

APACHE WOMAN, starring Lloyd Bridges and Joan Taylor. Channel 6, 12:00 noon.

BLACK FRIDAY, starring Bella Lugosi and Boris Karloff (1940). Channel 8, 2:30 p.m.

VICTORY AT SEA (first in the twenty-six part series), Battle for the Atlantic, 1939-1941. Channel 8, 4:30 p.m.

THE SCAPEGOAT, starring Alec Guinness and Bette Davis. (1959). Channel 10, 5:30 p.m.

THE FIRST EDITION. Behind-the-scenes study of top selling recording group. Channel 15, 6:00 p.m.

HEIFETZ. The Russian-born violinist performs and conducts works by Bach, Mozart, Debussy, and Gershwin. Channel 15, 7:00 p.m.

EVENING AT THE POPS. Repeat of Friday's performance. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

GERTRUDE STEIN. Repeat of Thursday's program. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

THE LOVED ONE, starring Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters. Spoof on Southern California's mortuary business. (1965). Channel 10, 9:00 p.m.

SALOME. Oscar Wilde's controversial depiction of Biblical story, with modern music and dance. Channel 15, 11:00 - p.m.

THE JUGGLER, starring Kirk Douglas and Milly Vitale. (1953). Channel 39, 11:15 p.m.

PLATINUM HIGH SCHOOL, starring Mickey Rooney and Dan Duryea. (1960). Channel 6, 11:30 p.m.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE, starring John Wayne and Frances Dee. Channel 10, 12:00 midnight.

MUSCLE BEACH PARTY, starring Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. (1964). Channel 10, 1:35 a.m.

Sunday, August 5

JOHNNY EAGER, starring Robert Taylor and Lana Turner. (1942). Channel 6, 2:00 p.m.

SALOME. Repeat of Saturday's performance. Channel 15, 3:00 p.m.

CONSPIRATOR, starring Robert Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor. (1950). Channel 6, 4:00 p.m.

TRAPEZE, starring Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis. (1956). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

FIRING LINE. "What Now for the Ghetto?" William F. Buckley, Jr. hosts Los Angeles mayor-elect Thomas Bradley. Channel 15, 7:00 p.m.

Monday, August 6

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, starring Ava Gardner and James Mason. (1950). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

FIRING LINE. Repeat of Sunday's show. Channel 15, 7:00 p.m.

THE COMING ASUNDER OF JIMMY BRIGHT. Drama special about young welfare caseworker. Channel 15, 8:00 p.m.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY. Repeat of Thursday's show. Channel 15, 11:00 p.m.

Tuesday, August 7

BIKINI BEACH, starring Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello. Channel 10, 3:00 p.m.

TWELVE ANGRY MEN, starring Henry Fonda and Lee J. Cobb. Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

LA SYLPHIDE. Performed by the Paris Ballet. Channel 15, 9:00 p.m.

Wednesday, August 8

FORBIDDEN PLANET, starring Walter Pidgeon. (1956). Channel 6, 7:00 p.m.

LA SYLPHIDE. Repeat of Tuesday's performance. Channel 15, 7:00 p.m.

THE CAR IN THE CITY. Transportation experts debate whether the car and the city are compatible. Channel 15, 9:30 p.m.

PINK FLOYD. An hour concert with the English rock band. Channel 15, 10:00 p.m.

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20,000 copies of the READER are printed and distributed throughout San Diego County every Thursday.

No one shares his pot with strangers anymore

Punch-out at the Rock Chorale

—Ted Burke—

I closed my eyes and tried to remember the first time I saw the group. Three years ago, Balboa Stadium. Chicago was squeezed in the billing below Country Joe and the Fish and Poco. Lumbering on stage, clad in jeans, and holding their instruments as if they were the only collateral they owned, Chicago seemed like any other band with eyes for the Big Time. The set ran smoothly. Tight, streamlined rock, horns used as tasteful augmentation to the necessary beat. Primal punch. Nothing over-blown or portentous about these guys. Just an over-sized boogie unit.

Now, I open my eyes again. Balboa Stadium hasn't changed too much in three years, but Chicago sure has. Three years hence, this band has become the wealthiest of American groups, and the most ineptly arty as well. Tackling middle of the road music to garner a larger audience, Chicago has become heavy on ballads, filigree suites and ballets, and unimaginative horn blorting. This time, Chicago's entrance on stage is arrogant stride. Band members stand with their legs apart, showing off the varied hues of their custom stitched threads. Nice, guys.

Chicago can now follow its formula: play the hits and stay away from danger. A song is announced, and the crowd of 30,000 gasps as if the announcement were a blinding revelation. Next to me, Debbie Inkwell dances alone. "Let's boogie," she says. Beefy, jock security guards watch Debbie's lithe body flow freely with Chicago's mechanized sound. Someone attempts to look under a canvas which has been raised to block off the backstage area. A jock guard flexes his biceps and pushes the freak away, smiling amiably, but remaining firm. The freak examines the muscles and the thin brown hair hanging over the jock's ears. Nodding, the freak rejoins the crowd. The jock goes back to looking at juggling breasts and bare midriffs.

Halfway through "We Can Make It Happen," Chicago's let's-get-it-together manifesto, a security cop chases a kid halfway across the field, plowing through seated patrons like a harvesting machine. The cop tackles the kid, and both fall with a confirmed thud. The entire audience rises to observe while Chicago churns on, ignorant. A beer-bellied biker steps forth and slams the cop across the chops with a hammy fist. the cop reels backwards, comes back for a counter-attack, but the biker has left. Chicago grinds to a stop, says "thank you," and asks, not understanding the onslaught of boo's, "What's going on out there, San Diego?" Guitarist Terry Kath catches on. "He's gettin the shit beat outta him, heh. heh," he chortles. "For our next number...."

Chicago's earlier songs go down easily enough, but there are the protracted horn forays, the conceptual composition that reveal only a limited instrumental technique. I walk around, bored and annoyed. At the moment, the sax player is blowing a watery six note tirade, loud and shrill, and the sound reverberates against the Stadium's concave walls. The only decent place to hear the music is up near the snack bars. Still, most of the crowd braves the unrelenting scorch of the sun and exhibits a ritualized admiration for this muzak mechanism. Six gold records say that Chicago is doing something that is definitely —uh— right on.

The Woodstock aura has faded from outdoor mass gatherings. No more gathering of the tribes where you wear feathers and bells for your brothers and sisters to dig on and for straight types to gawk at. No more collective bliss. All that remains are several thousand dis-associated bodies carrying fifty-cent hot dogs and heavily iced cokes back to their seats. No one shares his pot with strangers anymore. Must be a shortage. Must be.

I find myself again in Balboa Bowl, with a six-dollar hole in my wallet. Sunday Summer Sunday Two. Edgar Winter Group. Spooky Tooth, Jo Jo Gunn, Sons of Champlin, Tower of Power. Should be some good kick-ass rock and roll today. Hope Tower of Power is on first so we can be rid of them in a hurry.

No such luck. Spooky Tooth assumes the stage, looking more like roadies than English rock stars. The crowd ignores them, continuing to jabber as they tune up. At last, the group strikes melodramatic chord changes, grinding in a slow moving intensity. Vocalist Mike Harrison looks like a Joe Cocker on reds, eyelids hooded like a junkie's. "Burned Out" is written all over his face. Tearing every syllable inside out, Harrison's voice is an appealing blues croak buried in the recesses of his throat. The performance is cautious, taut. The performers pull their microphone cords loose and cut off most of the vocal audibility. Spooky perseveres bravely, though, generating little hysteria, but still getting a respectable reaction. Humbly, they thank the crowd, and saunter off stage, relieved. No call for an encore.

Jo Jo Gunn, the spin-off group from Spirit, is non-stop blitz rock and roll. Singer/pianist Jay Ferguson jumps around, crazy as a loon. Between songs he raps about nasty rock-and-roll ladies on the road while the drummer pumps maniacally and guitarist Mark Andes provides some seductive slides. Over it all, there is Ferguson's interminable leer. He mumbles a lot about ugly girl friends, ("She was real DAWWG.")

Heads turn left to the bleachers. A short-haired dude and a freak are punching it out near the top of the first level, rolling down the stairs, kicking and gouging, sweating hard. The short haired dude is bleeding from the temple. A security guard breaks up the fight, clenches the freak by the arm and the three of them disappear into the crowded confusion.

"Listen, I don't even know this creep," the freak says, stumbling as he, the guard, and his sparring partner march down the aisle to a more private area. The short hair, a worker behind the snack bar counter, accuses the freak of attempted rip off. He leans close to the freak, face tight with contempt, but then backs away.

"You punk," he says, "you took that money and I saw you..."

"Fuck You," bellows the kid. The guard yanks on his arm. "Keep your mouth shut," he warns. Coming to a door-way adjacent to the stairs going into the press box, the short-haired dude points his cigarette at the kid and says, "We're gonna get to know each other, punk." He smiles vehemently, as the three of them vanish up the stairs. A second guard stands in front of the door. A black girl who was kicked in the head during the melee talks to the guard, wanting to complain. Her boy friend balks sharply at this, taking her arm and talks her out of it. The guard smiles slightly. "I handle hassles all the time at work," he says, "and they never get this weird." What kind of work? "I'm a drug counselor part time," he says. "See, we aren't all bad." He thinks again and offers more rationalization: "I had a choice between paying six dollars to see this or getting paid thirty dollars to work at it," he states.

The Sons of Champlin do their set. Rhythm and blues meets jazz. The Sons are the typical San Francisco rock group. Their music exudes sunshine, free movement, high living. Essentially dance music, but the Sons make no apologies. Terry Haggerty's lead guitar opens a funky, jazzy style of picking. Lines attack like snow flurries. I generally dislike white soul bands, but the Son's lack of hyped tension has ingratiated them to me. No simple task.

Tower of Power, in contrast, is ultra-slick. Someone described them once as having mastered every soul music cliche in the book. The description is affirmed in this performance; grunts, horn punctuation, "yeahs" and other devices fall into place like well-oiled parts. The horns, admittedly, are tight and honed to a uniform sound, but the sound is also pure gloss. Nice, shiny, and hard to appreciate.

Edgar Winter's keyboard is adept, nifty stuff, not fancy, but solid in flow of ideas and execution. I think that thing around his neck is really a tinny piece of junk that sounds like a badly miked rinky tink piano, but that's not the case. If nothing else, the Univox Porta Piano liberates the pianist from a seated position where any jumping about looks spasmodic. "Frankenstein" is slower than on record. Winter's ARP Synthesizer buzzes and hums and crackles with an altered mind determination. His sax solo sounds rushed, glutted with trills and redundancy. No matter. Energy compensates. "Tobacco Road," Edgar's showstopper, lumbers on. The best part, the duet between Winter's multi-octave scatting and the lead guitar, is radical. Edgar's throat leaps effortlessly from high to low register, switching licks with the lead. "He sings like a guitar solo," a girl mutters. True. The song ends in full melodramatic chutzpah. Applause explodes, the musicians walk off stage. Now the ritual. "More, More, More." □

READER'S GUIDE TO THE SILVER SCREEN

—duncan shepherd

AS THESE LISTINGS ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE AT THE DROP OF A HAT BE SURE TO CHECK WITH THE LISTED THEATRE.

The reviewer's priorities are indicated by one to four stars, and antipathies by the black spot. Unrated movies are for now unreviewed.

Bananas — Woody Allen's humor is not very verbal, nor very visual, but very conceptual ("Wouldn't it be a scream if...?"). He must be terrific at the coffee table. So far he has not been the happiest director of his material, but this gleeful mix of Latin American revolution, Howard Cosell, the Jewish Defense League, J. Edgar Hoover, etc., etc., proves often funny despite Allen's absent-minded plotting and directing.
** (Strand)

Battle for the Planet of the Apes — The fifth (and, good riddance, the final) APES movie smartly shrinks the scale of action, from the global battleground of the past ones to a more manageable, and imaginable, format: a local skirmish between world-war survivors, a forest colony of apes and a sluggish paunchy group of urban mutants. For once, nothing cute or startling is expected from the firmly established idea of talking apes. The images, by the outstanding Richard Kline, are rich and various. The intrepid Roddy McDowell still shows no weariness with his monkey suit, and Claude Akins, playing a jingoist gorilla in his first APES movie, monkeys around with virgin enthusiasm. Directed by J. Lee Thompson.
** (Roxy)

Billy Jack — Sort of a modernday SHANE, with a townful of malicious bigots harassing a school-commune of budding pacifists, nature lovers, and humanitarians. The defender of the weak is the same spiritual, half-breed karate-demon (Tom Laughlin) who took on an entire Hell's Angels chapter in BORN LOSERS, a similar movie in its melodramatic passions but without the heavy philosophical cloud overhead. For its hopping from non-violent preachments to masochistic soaking up of punishment to delightful sprees of revenge in Batman fight scenes, it is a blithely confused movie, and an amateurishly made one as well.
* (Plaza; Alvarado Drive In)

Blume in Love — Paul Mazursky's bitter-flavored scrapbook of California fashions, fads, and life styles covers a Venice honeymoon, a Las Vegas divorce, a yoga class, a psychiatrist's office (the same baby-faced character from BOB AND CAROL), a charity bash for farm workers, a singles' bar, and so forth, all photographed in beautifully controlled, natural color tones by Bruce Surtees. The film comes only once in a while into contact with humor, and it might have done better to play up the nasty blandness and familiarness of the people. Susan Anspach, as the pious wounded wife, Kris Kristofferson, as a folk philosopher-musician, and Marsha Mason, as a good time, are all actors of so limited a range that their personalities seem to be mostly surface, affectation; and their performances seem all the more blunt, unsentimental. Whereas George Segal manipulates so much comedic technique that he comes off seeming unsuitably detached, sweet-smelling, cute.
** (College)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon — Young Francis of Assisi promoting poverty and naturalness in a Zefferelli production of infinite expenditure and frill is a staggering paradox, although the raucous Italian supporting players supply plenty of convincing reasons for a young man to turn to simplicity and innocence. Newcomers Graham Faulkner and Judi Bowker, as Francis and Clare, are required to be the most breathtaking beauties in all humankind and they do not look worried about matching their assignments. The emotional climaxes come fairly often and are amazingly irresistible.
** (Linda)

Butterflies Are Free — Generation gap arguments are whipped off in excessively well-oiled repartee, all very familiar except that the spokesman of Youth is blind. Immobile rendering of Milton Katselas' stage play; hideous to look at. Eileen Heckart (mustering more sympathy than usual in her Mother portraits), Edward Albert, and even Goldie Hawn comprehend so well their positions in the conflict that they seem sunken to their knees in their characters.
* (State; Parkway 3; Pacific Drive In)

Camelot — It is not altogether easy to do such an uninteresting version of such an invincible story as the Arthur-Guinevere-Lancelot affair. One slight difficulty here is the cast (Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave, Franco Nero), none of whom can sing, but all of whom engage in some idiotic competition for who has the deepest eyes and most sensitive nostrils, lips, brows. Directed by Joshua Logan, who spreads pixie dust helter-skelter. 1967.
● (Cove)

The Daring Dobermans — A fast followup to THE DOBERMAN GANG, about a pack of dogs. Co-billed with BEYOND ATLANTIS.
(Balboa; UA Cinema 2; Big Sky Drive In)

Day of the Jackal — Frederick Forsyth's bestseller, about an attempted assassination of DeGaulle by the world's canniest contract killer and the elaborate police efforts to head him off, is given the step-by-step treatment, through its detailed but not terribly complicated nor imaginative plot. You have to be entralled with following the little steps, one by one, because the stylelessness of the imagery, and the pacing, and the writing is immediately off-putting. Directed by Fred Zinnemann.
* (Cinerama)

Dillinger — A new version, with Warren Oates and written-directed by John Milius, of the former Public Enemy. Co-starring Michelle Phillips, Ben Johnson, Cloris Leachman.
(California; Campus Drive In)

40 Carats — The Broadway hit, on film. With Liv Ullman and Edward Albert; directed by M. Katselas.
(State; Parkway 3; Pacific Drive In)

The Friends of Eddie Coyle — Most of the movie's vigor comes from the special vision of the George Higgins novel, in which the Boston underworld appears as a sort of marketplace for cops, crooks, and informers, engaged in the hectic swapping of guns, secrets, and lives. Peter Yates' direction and Victor Kemper's eyesore photography are rather slack, although they are somewhat offset by clever selection of unexpected faces and striking locales. The feigned Boston accents, on top of the stilted underworld lingo, make the dialogue float uneasily above the events. However, a mistakenly-cast Robert Mitchum admirably adapts himself to the main role as written; and Richard Jordan is smooth, strong as the cop living elbow-to-elbow and almost indistinguishable with the hoods.
** (Solana Beach)

The Godfather — Although it finds room, in its three hours, for nearly every viable gangster-story gimmick, there is no convincing impression of telling the truth, at last, about the underworld. The refined pictorial compositions and lighting effects seem to be styled, misguidedly, after Rembrandt rather than the daily tabloids. Brando's perpetual scene-stealing tactics unbalance any movie, even one with such a sizable population of steady players like Robert Duvall, James Caan, Richard Castelláno.
* (Capri)

Godspell — Easily beats its close-by rival, SUPERSTAR, in the rock-religion field. What this one has that the other doesn't is a director (David Greene) with a lively sense of detail, a cast with an agreeable sense of democracy, and an overall, liberating sense of the casual, the antic, the reckless. Still, the idea of flower children impersonating Jesus and the apostles is hard to swallow because of the possible insult to Jesus, the positive flattering of flower children, and the giggly-embarrassed manner of talking with which the actors attempt to make the Scriptures palatable to the now crowd.
** (Fashion Valley)

Harold and Maude — The fake-suicide jokes are predictable and the zany old lady jokes are typical, but this unimaginable romance between Bud Cort and Ruth Gordon has a sick-sweet tolerance for private perversity that is quite beguiling. And the many Cat Stevens songs at intervals give things a lift.
** (Ken)

The Heartbreak Kid — Uncommonly funny, and directed by Elaine May, this comedy has more cruel meaning than most scripts with Neil Simon's name attached. Charles Grodin (a cross between Redford and Hoffman) meets his dream girl (a Clairol golden-haired Minnesota princess, Cybill Shepherd) while on his honeymoon in Miami Beach. It stoops pretty low for some of the laughs, particularly at the expense of the pathetic jilted bride (Jeannie Berlin, Elaine May's daughter). Eddie Albert, as the backbone of Middle America and Fatherhood, is terribly believable and ungrotesqued, however.
** (Ken)

Hitler — Stagy, dull film about Hitler isolated in a bunker with his dispirited general staff; about as fascinating and accurate as a bitchy gossip column. With Alec Guinness.
● (Center 3 Cinemas 2 and 3)

If — It is practically impossible to avoid comparison with Vigo's ZERO FOR CONDUCT, and this is definitely not to the advantage of IF. The main problem in Lindsey Anderson's film is that it's played slightly too close to realistic, and credulous, so that the vision of the revolt of the trouble-makers in a repressive English boys' school looks a bit like apple-polishing (or grenade-polishing) for the rebels. Still, it is quite imaginative, and powerful, and finally rousing. 1968.
*** (La Paloma, through 8/5)

Jesus Christ Superstar — Norman Jewison's sure-bet youth movie. It has vibrant electric music (played at a perilous volume), and lithe young bodies, deep blue sky and hot tan sand, and perfume-y atmosphere. All it lacks is a worthy subject — one as meaningful as discotheques and pajama parties and beach culture. In a peculiar way, the crucifixion subject of this "rock opera" is trivialized into tinsel by Douglas Slocombe's chic photography, the actors' glamorous airs, and the earth-bound pop-music lyrics — awkward, often unsingable (try mouthing "Gethsemane"), and repetitive — so that the movie doesn't seem to be about much, other than pretty packaging.
* (Grossmont)

King of Hearts — One of Philippe De Broca's moldering confections. Music box melodies, fairy tale costumes, and prance-y acting unite to demonstrate that war is not good and that the inmates of a funny farm are saner than the people wheeling and dealing in the real world. With Alan Bates.
● (La Paloma, through 8/5)

The Last of Sheila — Murder mystery at its most fatally decadent. A juggling-act plot, concocted by Stephen Sondheim and Anthony Perkins and possibly stimulated by SLEUTH, which dances merrily into the distance, thoroughly entranced by its silly tricks and tumbles, and loses all contact with the hopped-up Hollywood crowd which populates the piece. Dyan Cannon, Richard Benjamin, James Mason, Joan Hackett, and Ian McShane act quite enthusiastically with their parts. But then there are James Coburn and his eighty-three gleaming teeth, and Raquel Welch and her particular physical characteristics, lowering the level a bit.
* (Center 3 Cinema 1)

The Last Tango in Paris — Bernardo Bertolucci's big splash. It has been so overdiscussed and overdescribed that nearly every incident seems familiar even as it's happening. And so, the focus of attention is narrowed to the extravagances of Bertolucci's juicy romantic style, his inexplicable bursts of camera movements, gushes of music, rich lighting effects. Brando's mulled-over acting maneuvers are effectively lightened by Maria Schneider's contrasting breezy, instinctive air.
** (Cinema 21)

Let the Good Times Roll — Documentary compilation, of footage old and new, on the stars and spirit of early rock-and-roll. Featuring Chuck Berry, Chubby Checker, the Shirelles, Bill Haley, Little Richard, more and more.
(Fashion Valley)

Live and Let Die — Roger Moore confiscates the James Bond role with no uneasiness or apology; he is pretty and smooth and unperturbed, and he acts as if he is always poised for a still photographer to snap his portrait. This latest Bond escapade, directed by Guy (GOLDFINGER) Hamilton, starts rather well: The formula pre-credits sequence, of simultaneous slayings in New York, New Orleans and the West Indies, is one of the catchiest in the series. The liquid-y snake-y titles sequence and the McCartneys title tune are not bad either, though there is a strong sense of deja vu, or entendu, about them. On the other hand, the Big Chase sequence is a bloody bore laced with stupid slapstick; and Bond's survival continues to overdepend on the unbelievable charity of his adversaries, the laxity of his scriptwriters, and the passive indulgence of his audience. But at least the current spectacle of Bond and the CIA battling against blacks manages blithely to evade its potential offensiveness.
* (Frontier Drive In)

The Lone Ranger — Plus THE LONE RANGER AND THE LOST CITY OF GOLD, dated 1956 and 1958 respectively, directed by Stuart Heisler and Lesley Selander respectively, both starring the original Clayton Moore and the original Jay Silverheels. Proceed at your own risk, heigh-ho.
(Academy)

The Lost Continent — A sailing vessel is becalmed in a withes' brew fog, and besieged by munchkins suspended from balloons. British made, and quite daft, really. Hildegard Knef, Eric Porter.
* (Roxy)

The Man of La Mancha — Cervantes' hero musicalized, Broadway-ized, Hollywood-ized, and finally Peter O'Tooled. Directed by Arthur Hiller. With James Coco as Sancho Panza and Sophia Loren as Rosinante, presumably.
(Linda)

Man Who Loved Cat Dancing — The cute credits sequence — pictures of spurs and saddles and other cowboy handies — opens up onto Richard Sarafian's wide-open, wide-screen spaces, where ladylike Sarah Miles, fleeing from a husband who wears tight white pants and a broad white hatbrim that would not fit through the average saloon door, is liberated from her refined ways by the tough bearishness of Burt Reynolds.
* (Del Mar Drive In)

Mary Poppins — Julie Andrews' albatross. She remains composed, while Dick Van Dyke dives feet first into a cockney accent and dances with cartoon cows; kids and character actors run amok; and the "magic" is accomplished with strings attached and gears grinding. Mainly for kids; in fact, mainly for myopic kids. 1964.
● (Fox; UA Cinema 1; Midway Drive In)

The Mechanic — For a movie about a faultless, clockwork professional assassin, this is a surprisingly florid, hallucinatory gangster tale, with Hollywood-jungle vegetation and Arabian Nights decors, and distorted, forlorn camera angles on the doomed characters. Directed, relatively self-controlled, by Michael Winner; with Charles Bronson.
* (Frontier Drive In)

Ned Kelly — Tony Richardson's deglamorized, dour biography of a sort of Australian Jesse James, who ends his outlaw career, dressed in a homemade armor suit, in a spectacularly unsuccessful one-against-many gun battle. A very frugal production enhanced by Gerry Fisher's raw, earthy images. Mick Jagger plays the hero, stodgily, as if doing penance in a shorn head. 1970.
* (Strand)

Paper Moon — Con artists, a mustachioed charmer and a ten-year-old tomboy (played by Ryan O'Neal and his daughter Tatum), peddling gold-embossed Good Books to gullible widows in the Depression-time Bible Belt. To enjoy this frayed yarn, it is not really necessary to swallow all the cunning, resource and adorability credited to the precocious little heroine, because Peter Bogdanovich and Laszlo Kovacs, director and photographer, embellish the storyline with plenty of show-offy style, and the Midwest towns, flats, and roads provide some sobriety.
*** (Fashion Valley)

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid — The Billy the Kid tale dissolves into a murky dream in which great masses of anonymous gunmen move around in vaguely defined Southwest territory, most of them gaudily slaughtered in Peckinpah's most tiresome style, the bodies taking slow-motion Raggedy Ann spills and emitting thin streamers of fake blood as they fall. With James Coburn as Garrett and Kris Kristofferson as Billy, and Bob Dylan poking around on the sidelines, inexplicably mirthful. Dylan also did the music, and the movie dallies considerably over picturesque transition scenes that seem to exist solely as accompaniment to the tunes.
* (Ace Drive In; Tu Vu Drive In)

Pete and Tillie — Walter Matthau's and Carol Burnett's strong roots in naturalness enable this fair-minded portrait of a middle-class marriage to evolve gradually and smoothly from low-key comedy to gutsy tearjerker. Directed with few lapses of purpose by Martin Ritt.
*** (Cinerama)

Play It Again, Sam — Conservative Woody Allen comedy about a klutzy movie buff, played by Allen, whose emulations of Bogart yield a predictable run of jokes about bungled seductions. Soppy excerpts from CASA BLANCA further remove the worshipful Allen character from respectability.
● (Capri)

Rage — An experimental mishap looses a poisonous chemical-warfare gas onto innocent civilians and permits moviegoers to loose their hostilities towards the military, war research, hospitals, and cops. George C. Scott's first feature-film directing attempt, even though it is absorbed in concocting tricky scene transitions and slow-motion action highlights, does not interfere with his customary non sequitur acting, as he undergoes a sudden change from a simple, ingenous hick into a cunning, steel-nerved avenger. Because of the performances by Martin Sheen, and more briefly Stephen Young and Kenneth Tobey, the Army ironically comes off looking better than the plain folks.
● (Plaza)

Scarecrow — The screenplay by Garry Michael White, about an uncomfortable alliance between a bellicose ex-con and a clownish ex-gob, is smoothly crafted. But the meaningful adventures probably hold their shape better on paper than they do under Jerry Schatzberg's inhibited direction, or in competition with the fascinating, authentic-America locales. Gene Hackman, as the loud dangerous one, is in peak condition — agile, darting, untouchable — while Al Pacino, a little lost and dish-eyed inside a character who switches between stupidity and canny psychologizing, comes off well only when he is performing comedy routines so ancient and embarrassing that they are quite funny, on second thought.
** (Center 3 Cinemas 2 and 3)

Silent Running — Ecology-minded outer-space fiction, by Douglas Trumball, taps the audience's fondness for plants and cute pint-sized robots. The use of Joan Baez songs as morality boosters is understandable, but the casting of Bruce Dern in the lead role transforms the lone defender of plant life into a sort of junkie-astronaut, erratic, bleary-eyed, choked-up.
● (Alvarado Drive In)

The Sound of Music — The return of. If you did not see it the first time around, there is no provocative reason to knuckle under now, although, actually, Robert Wise's direction creates a number of nice, graceful moments to compensate for all the kids and Oscar Hammerstein optimism. 1965.
* (Century Twins)

Sssss — About a snake-man. With Strother Martin, Heather Menzies; directed by Bernard Kowalski. The co-feature is THE BOY WHO CRIED WEREWOLF. About a wolf-man. With Kerwin Matthews; directed by Nathan Juran.
(Harbor Drive In)

Sunflower Seeds — A gathering of short films produced at the American Film Institute, and including, uppermost, Will Hindle's WATERSMITH.
(Unicorn)

A Tale of Two Cities — One of those confident MGM productions: an undying source (Dickens), an untoppable star (Colman), a reliable director (Conway). 1935. Co-billed with DOUGHBOYS, 1930, with Keaton.
(Cinema Leo)

The Thief Who Came to Dinner — The lighting pours a greenish haze over most of the Houston locations in this hastily done jewel-thief romp. Although it is undoubtedly comic in tone, the desire for laughs seems very enfeebled. Most of the time the audience is supposed to go "wow" whenever the thief (Ryan O'Neal) flicks on the lights in a palacial room inside a southern mansion or flips back the lid of a jewel box and reveals a scrumptuous layout of sparklers.
● (Center 3 Cinema 1)

Tom Sawyer — A musical version of the Twain book.
(Valley Circle)

A Touch of Class — Extramarital flinging. The locales switch between the London business world and the Malaga vacationland, while the human behavior switches between improbable and inconceivable. It is entirely in the modest cause of getting laughs, and there are several gotten. The thin coating of unpleasantness comes from the color — appalling — and the plot complications — ulcer producing — and the blunt, bitter, uneasy charm of the players — George Segal, Glenda Jackson. Written, directed by Melvin Frank.
* (Loma)

Trader Horn — Rod Taylor, Anne Heywood, and Jean Sorel stohp around in bushes and trees, and stock footage of crocadiles and lions and other creepy creatures tell you it is supposed to be Africa. Its appeal is to your pity, only.
● (Del Mar Drive In)

Hustle But No Acrobatics

—Leslie Kienholz—

In Truffaut's *Two English Girls* The cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, is mostly working in lenses, cameoing persons within irises, shrinking ovals at the end of a telescope, appropriate for the Nineteenth Century period setting. Eased zooms, done not for tension and without impact, make the story of two sisters and a French boy come privately closer with blank mood. Long shots of the girls' grey stone house on the seacoast of Wales and of an island in France, rendezvous for an affair, lend a slight storybook air by making things look toylike. But landscapes here are seldom used, as they usually are, for spiritual effect. Mostly the story takes place in homely rooms, a sculptress's studio or a billiard bar in Paris. Here the scenes seldom involve more people than you would meet on a quiet day. The characters move in slim ankle-length skirts, long-sleeved bodices, suits and vests, which are not an imposition because they are not too fancy, and their hues, like the images, are of subdued intensity.

In a setting that could easily go slow and melancholy, Truffaut gets comic hustle. He covers the main decisions and events of three people's lives with a method which in the extreme would resemble time-lapse photography. Half an hour after Claude, a serious young man played by Jean-Pierre Leaud, who looks and moves like a jester, short and springy, cancels his marriage engagement with Muriel, he is sleeping with her sister; and half an hour later is sleeping with Muriel. The awkward togetherness of these events in the film make them seem absurd, whereas in the real time of the story these situations took years to develop.

Truffaut blames his characters' meanderings on lack of memory more than on lack on conscience, if he is doing any blaming at all. Actually his opinion is hard to pin down, which makes you wonder as you're laughing if he's intending to be funny when Claude's mother says to her son "I built you stone by stone" or when the narrator says, as Claude touches Anne's breast for the first time, "Will she slap him..?" Probably the only opinion of consequence is the individual viewer's. One person who sees this movie thinks it is worldly and erotic; another thinks it's a knee-slapper.

The movie works like a charm in bringing out what different people appreciate. This writer did not appreciate it very much, being personally inclined toward movies with camera moves, visuals, and emotional mood that border on acrobatics: Miklos Jancso's *The Red and the White*, with its exalted roving camera, Robert Aldrich's *Ulzana's Raid*, with its mythological figures, Leonard Horn's recent, unnoticed *Corky*, with its modern American shapes of cars and gas pumps. *Two English Girls*, which just finished its first San Diego engagement at the Unicorn, is a big movie, a film festival type, and is well made, but it's just okay, even though it holds attention.

The way it holds attention is smart. Truffaut wanted a sketch of the characters' lives that would make their meanderings stand out in bold relief. However, to keep the story from being too barren, he inserts unusual short scenes that are meant to give more of an impression than an idea. When Claude arrives at the Wales house, he is wearing a bicycle-riding outfit that would look crazy if it didn't blend into the landscape. In another brief shot Claude and Anne paint identical pictures on identical easels, but one paints with bright colors, the other grey. These images are all right, but they seem more like shots that are precious to the director than shots that are really strong, vivid. What's ultimately wrong with this film is that it could do just as well, or better, in book form. □

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wanted

WANTED: Christians to get involved in discipleship groups and street preaching. Call Brother Mike at 263-5373.

I HAVE AN EXTENSIVE PERSONAL LIBRARY and am looking for an attractive system of bookshelves. I prefer contemporary design, either wood or metal and adjustable. Good condition and reasonable. Call Gail at 272-5141.

PLEASE HELP. A sincere group wishes the guidance of an experienced medium. 488-8096 evenings.

WANTED: Young lady between 29 and 30 experienced in selling jewelry in retail store. La Jolla Gem Associates, 459-3969.

WANTED: Old Life magazines, Newsweek, Time, Coronet, Fortune, New Yorker, House and Garden from 1930-1965. 298-5139.

PET SURVEY: We need info on pets in San Diego County. If you have a pet please call Lisa 582-8216 or Donna 286-1121.

PHOTOGRAPHER: preferably with access to dark room facilities, who will accept music services as payment for work with rock group. Robin 278-9599.

ARTIST SEEKS serious students of Carl Jung and I Ching for discussion group. Rich 263-4222, after 6.

WANTED: Tennis court needed for lessons. Preferably La Jolla area. 459-9353.

WANTED: Oriental jade necklace. Call 583-8284.

CHRISTIAN MAN, 21, needs work: part-time, odd jobs, painting, clean-up, custodial, etc. Christian employer preferred. Call 263-5373.

YOUTH PASTOR needs old, used Christian books, booklets, tracts for distribution and personal use in faith work. Mike, 263-5373.

BASS PLAYER desires work with professional band: rock, jazz, or country. Donald, 753-5665.

MATURE LADY WANTS WORK in doctor's office or other. Full or part time. Prefer "Pill-Hill" area. Have knowledge of medical terms, dictation, typing, filing, etc. Have bus transportation only. 298-6309 or write to 432 Nutmeg Street, San Diego, California, 92103.

WANTED: Stereo system components—two speakers, record changer, stereo receiver. Dave, 755-7348.

WANTED: Antique clocks and watches. All types. Any condition. Also watchmaker equipment. Private. 224-0669.

WANT TO BUY: any book by Edward Gorey printed prior to 1967 or any book illustrated by Arthur Rackham or Edmund Dulac. 273-4695.

WANTED: Mechanic fully versed in VW maintenance who will accept music services as payment for work on one dying bug. Corky, 299-1715.

MORE ROACHES. Not joint ends. Prefer dead and unsquashed. This may sound funny, but it's no joke. Call Ralph Wiley, 753-5979.

UNICORN CINEMA interviewing for Lounge Attendant several evenings a week to serve coffee/tea and dispense refreshments. 454-7373 - 459-4343

for sale

4 CHANNEL stereo receiver. Pioneer QX 4000 $260. Call 461-9210.

GERRY BACKPACK. Mag. frame, 4 compartments. An excellent pack. Cost $55. Like new. Will sell for $35. Call 755-8245.

DISHWASHER, portable Hotpoint. Needs adjustment. $15. Call 755-8245.

BELT SANDER. Skill model 525. Excellent condition. $25. 755-4117 evenings.

KING SIZE bed. $35. Hand hammered copper fondue pot plus rechaud $20. Antique Boston rocker $50. New baseball glove $5. Turkish coffee set $20. Miscellany. Call 283-8704.

SEARS 200 Watt table lamp, $8; man's large Panama hat, $1.50; two clamp-on sun umbrellas, $1 each; lady's black gold waist, $1; other colorful waists, 50¢ each, sizes 32-34. 282-2593.

SAILBOAT: 15' private fish (East coast sailfish). Fiberglass, teak and mahogany, excellent condition, unsinkable. With car trailer. $350. Call Ken, 454-1052 days, or 755-4117 evenings.

PINK CRIB with good mattress, $13; electric dryer, like new, $70; waffle iron, $3. 222-9998.

MUST SELL! 00018 Martin guitar, excellent condition. Asking $225. Also, Caster surfboard, 6'6", excellent shape, $100. Call Bob after 6 pm. 298-7389.

KING SIZE waterbed and frame; six months old Babyline crib and mattress; dinnette set, table with leaf and four chairs; miscellaneous items. 232-2694.

SEWING MACHINE, records, books, record player, exerciser, tape of the Beatles. 443-6141, ask for Ann Alee.

MUST SELL two forty acre pieces of land near Mendicino Natl. Forest, 140 miles north of San Francisco. Protected from development in wooded rolling hills. One is completely wooded ($15,000) and one has a 3-room cabin ($22,000). Both have streams and springs. Will accept low down payment. 755-8245.

GOOD BARGAINS: Almost new boy's racing athletic shoes from Streichers, size 10½, $6; Panther's wrestling shoes, size 9, $8; ear guards, $3; Kay brand electric guitar case, amplifier, music stand, all for $55. Boy's size 20 suit, latest style, flared pants, etc., $15; good motorcycle Triumph 650; high sissy bar seat with extended forks and chrome, etc., $1250 or good offer. Call 286-1395 for details after 3 pm.

OLD ELECTRIC Norwalk commercial juicer press. Excellent condition. Makes one gallon juice in one half hour. Only $75. 463-3053.

KELTY TIOGA pack and Massif frame (Kelty), $55; Galibier boots, 9½, $40. 283-0320.

FOR SALE: Girl's 3-speed bike, good condition, $25; color TV, new, $300. Cash. 818 E. 21st, (rear), National City, California.

SAIL BOAT: 18 ft. Catamaran with mast, sails and trailer, good condition. $1200. 487-3274.

JVC QUAD SYSTEM, AM/FM multiplex receiver, 4 speaker systems, Garrard 40 B turntable, Shure M44E cartridge, JVC 8 track tape deck, headphones, excellent condition. Cost over $400, sacrifice for $250. 477-9630.

ONE HALF GERMAN SHEPHERD, male, 7 months old. Very good with children. Needs good home, 1¢. 444-2815.

BEAUTIFUL GE AM/FM stereo record player (contemp./walnut), and two speakers, $145. Also Westinghouse contemp. 21" B & W TV, walnut, $60. Both in excellent condition. Call eves. 459-2516.

KENWOOD KR-3130 receiver, $125; Coral BX-200 speakers, $30 each, all for $170. 444-1306.

MONTGOMERY WARD EXERCISE BICYCLE, one year old, $30, or offer. 222-9385.

FOR SALE: Helene Curtis professional chair and hair dryer comb. Like new. $50. 454-7756.

BELLYBOARD, excellent condition, Gordon and Smith custom made, $10. Jim at 298-0130.

VERY OLD but good silver concho handmade belt, 13 conchos, $160. Worth more. Almost new lady's lizard shoes, size 7, $8. Brand new cowboy Stetson hat, size 7¼, still in box, $23, color smoke brown. 286-1395.

MUST SELL. Will accept best offer on rugs, furniture, lamps, paintings. Call 273-4529, 4-6 pm.

CAMERA, stereo type, Realist, $47.50; viewer, $15. 583-4514.

FOR SALE: Odds and ends. Two B/W televisions, three radios, albums, etc. Call 263-5373.

REFRIGERATOR, $20. 459-2547.

MUST SELL: Suit coats, winter jackets, suitcase, AM/FM clock radio, books, records, briefcase. 4318 51st St., Apt. 3. Leave name and phone if not home.

CUSTOM OUTDOOR wrought iron lamp, $6. 274-8145.

PUPPIES! Six weeks old, beautiful mix of Keeshond, shepherd, and Norweigan Elkhound, $5. Call 234-3053 anytime.

5' x 3' LARGE PARROT CAGE, $20; O'Keefe and Merritt range, $15; odds and ends of furniture, cheap. 284-5394 before 9 am or after 3:30 pm.

SOLID MAPLE chest of drawers, $30; almost new captain's desk, $120; two metal bookcases, $3 and $4; other miscellaneous items. Before 10 am or after 8 pm, 274-7707.

VOLKSWAGEN PARTS: four lug wheels, $1; left rear fender, $8; high performance exhaust, $20. 274-7382.

CASSETTE RECORDER by Panasonic, works great! $12. Black light in excellent condition, $3. Call Jane, 755-8677.

CAMBO 4x5 view camera with Zeiss Tessar 13.5cm f/4.5 lens, Copal no. 1 shutter, 9 Riteway film holders, filters, focusing cloth, storage box, $350 firm. At a dealer, but a private sale. 453-5753.

FARFISA PORT. ORGAN in excellent condition, $300 or best offer. 488-0852.

TWO HOOVER VACUUMS, upright, $20. Includes 4½ packages of bags. Canister, $15, all attachments, some nearly new. Both in excellent condition. 463-4363, evenings or Thursday.

MOVING CARTONS: all sizes including mattress box and wardrobe cartons. Used but in very good condition. Cost $45 new; selling all (about 30) for $7.50. Call after 5:30 pm. 272-0177.

FOUR U.S. INDY MAGS, polished. Will fit: Pintos and other 4-bolt pattern small Fords. Must sell! $50 or best offer. 753-0915.

14' FIBERGLASS BOAT, 35 hp Johnson motor rebuilt last winter, tilt trailer, '73 registration. Great for 3 divers or 4 fishermen. Asking $400. Call Jean, 453-2000 ext. 2568, 8 am to 5 pm.

MUST SELL: apartment size refrigerator, G. E., older, in good condition. Call 753-0915. $35.

CHILD'S TABLE and chairs, tricycle, doll buggy, youth chair, T.V. 222-2074.

RUMMAGE SALE. Sacred Heart School, 4895 Saratoga at Cable Street. August 4-5-6, Sat-Sun-Mon, 9—4. Have everything from a soup bowl to a saddle.

MOTORCYCLE FAIRING fits most bikes, almost new, $25. VW bucket seats, '68 style, hi-back, light beige, $80 both, two 10-inch speakers, "Valencia" house brand, $100 for both. After 5 p.m. 287-2368.

GIBSON 1960 Les Paul solidbody electric guitar with case. $375 or best offer. 280-1049, ask for Doug.

WILSON FOLK GUITAR with steel strings. Beautiful tone. $50 or best offer. 280-1049, ask for Doug.

10 SPEED Japanese bicycle, like new. Can remove front tire. $40. 280-1049, ask for Doug.

AMERICAN 8'x33' trailer with kitchen, bathroom and many closets and built-ins. $800 or best offer. 293-5161, ask for Cecilia...280-1049, ask for Doug or Cecilia.

STANDING chain pull fireplace screen, 38" wide, 31" high. Andirons, wood basket and stand with brush, poker and shovel. Complete, $15. 273-2846

GIRL'S BIKE, 26 inches, new tires, new seat, $20 or best offer. Call 277-9363.

GIRL'S 26 inch bike, Sears model, excellent condition, $30 or best offer. Call 277-9363.

DINING TABLE and chairs, $35; couch, $45; night stand, $15; Danish chair, $10; hanging wrought iron lamp, $17; wrought iron candalabra, $15; man's 10 speed bike (works okay), $12. 459-1579.

TWO 14" VW BUS RIMS; one 14" Datsun pickup rim. Call Jason, 459-4768.

VW ROOF RACK, $15; VW bus rear seat, perfect, $30; VW Bosche centrifugal distributor, $10. 488-9958.

rides

RIDE NEEDED to Chicago area or anywhere near Minnesota after August 19. Help with driving and expenses. Call Martha before 5 pm at 298-1514. Mellow person(s) preferred.

LOOKING for rider or riders. Leaving on August 4. Going to Grand Canyon, Boulder, Colorado, Kansas City, and Indiana. 755-7710.

LOOKING for ride to Ann Arbor, Michigan on August 27. 755-7710.

NEED RIDE to Michigan on or about August 3. Possible return by August 27. Will share expenses and driving. Pete, 436-0751.

RIDE NEEDED EAST. Leaving August 3—5. Call Chris. 224-1709.

personals

FREE KITTENS with shots. Must find home. 582-2221 evenings.

TO THE FOX at the bio-med library. Your smile turns me on. Love from Motherball.

JESUS LOVES YOU! For more info write to Gethsemane, 13148 Willow Road, Lakeside, California 92040.

WALLY, I realize your need for female companionship. But 18! Waiting to be number one. Signed No. 18.

SKIPPERESS. A lost time for both eyes. But a twinkle to share and thoughts, remember. You are the second most beautiful thing on the earth. The first is my love for you.

TO MC on Saratoga Street, Ocean Beach...the all time original P of T...RH.

DOG—housebroken, friendly, medium sized male Spaniel mixed. Free to good home, preferably with kids to play with. Call 277-0218.

notices

FOUND: orange-striped kitten with yellow collar on Voltaire. Also, male cat, orange and white with fluffy tail. 224-2084.

TOPLESS DANCING...live music. King Biscuit Blues Band. Tuesday through Saturday, 8 pm to 1 am. In Spot, 3217 Midway Dr., Point Loma.

GUESS WHAT needs your support? Marijuana! Send a Western Union Political Telegram to Henry Waxman in support of Ass. Bill 376 (for marijuana decriminalization and cultivation). Do it today! Call CMI for more information: 276-5442.

THE SAN DIEGO COMIC CONVENTION is coming! August 15—19 at the Sheraton Airport Hotel. Guest speakers include artists Neal Adams and Jack Kirby, sci-fi authors Ray Bradbury and A.E. Van Vogt, and many more. Plus films, art show, old comics for sale and more. Public invited. For further information, write Dept. CC, P.O. Box 17066, San Diego 92117.

THE SACRAMENTS without the restrictions. Mass 11 am Sundays. Liberal Catholic Church, 741 Cerro Gordo, San Diego (between 27th and 28th Streets, off Treat, just north of Hwy. 94). Information: 239-0637 or 459-5809.

housing

VEGETARIAN MOTHER and three year old female child looking for place to stay with others who are vegetarians and into God. 753-1345.

FEMALE student needs clean unfurnished studio, small house or trailer, $50-$70/month. 2-3 miles from CSUSD by Sept. 1. Call Denise, 583-8742.

NEED HOUSEMATE? Consider this active, liberal, hedonistic male, 52 (years old, not inches tall), gourmet, lover of Rock, Classical and Jazz, connoisseur of fine wines and women, part-time artist, good cook. 296-1626.

WANTED. Elderly retired couple to share home, help with yard, house for room, wife semi-invalid. Lemon Grove, 469-0030.

CRASH PAD for women only. A place to rest, bathe, eat. No strings attached, only obey the rules. Come any time, night, day, or morning. 1445 Front St., Apt. 14, San Diego.

CONSIDERATE NON-SMOKING GIRL needs same to share two bedroom, North Park apartment. Quiet? Responsible? $50 a month sound good? Call Jan. Day 453-1000 ext. 1002 and evening 299-6084.

NEEDED: female roommate to share furnished apartment in Pacific Beach, one half block to the beach. $70 monthly. 488-0445.

RESPONSIBLE WHEELCHAIR MAN with wife will share rent and expenses in your house with responsible party with no pets or young children. 282-2593.

lessons

YOGA: A four-week course covering all the major techniques of meditation, relaxation, and awareness development. For information call 459-7837.

TENNIS LESSONS: Available at your convenience. Very reasonable. 459-9353.

FREE BIBLE LESSONS by mail. Non-denominational. Call Brother Mike at 263-5373.

LAMAZE CHILDBIRTH preparation: 6-week series, my home, film, discussion, training for birth. Call Edith Berg, 488-7424.

BATIK LESSONS: learn techniques and how to set up your own workshop. Claus' Studio, 2150 Jimmy Durante, Del Mar.

cars

1972 PLYMOUTH DUSTER, 3-speed floor stick, 6 cylinder, excellent condition. Radio and heater, 12,000 miles, two door, red with black interior, $1895. Call 583-8284.

1969 CHEVROLET CAMARO RALLY SPORT. 327 automatic, air conditioning, olympic gold with white interior, 48,000 miles, one owner, excellent condition. Asking $1995. Your offer? Call 277-6113.

1969 DODGE MONACO. Air conditioning, automatic, power, low mileage, good condition, $1700. Cash. Phone 224-8316 after 1 pm..

1968 PONTIAC LE MANS. V8, good condition, 3 speed, bucket seats, chrome wheels. Must sell immediately! $795. Call after 6 pm. 298-7389.

FOR SALE: 1968 Ford Cortina. Good condition, $500. Evenings after 5:30, 462-0968.

1962 FORD GALAXY. Runs super, low mileage, new tires, only $225. Jeff at 298-8510.

1963 MERCURY STATION WAGON. Has a trailer hitch! Needs work, though. $75. 582-6548 before 11 am or after 7:30 pm.

1960 MORRIS MINOR CONVERTIBLE, $300. 232-2209.

GOOD TRANSPORTATION car! 1964 Corvair convertible, 17 miles/gallon, fast, holds surfboards, too. $160. 459-7916.

1960 FORD PICKUP. Excellent condition. Best offer. 233-8418.

1965 FORD WAGON. Runs very well, automatic transmission, just overhauled, radio, heater, 46,000 miles, $550. Call 453-9272

1963 CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE. All power and air conditioning. Runs okay, but transmission needs tinkering, body rough. First $175 cash as is. 1212 Pennsylvania Ave., off University in Hillcrest.

OLD CHEVROLET TRUCKS: parts or as is. Claus' Studio, 2150 Jimmy Durante, Del Mar.

'64 PORSCHE, 356 C, luggage/ski rack, excellent condition. $2600. Call Gary, 466-4147 8 am—noon, or see at 3239 Mission Blvd., Apt 9, after 4 p.m.

'63 FORD FALCON, good transportation. Three-speed, six-cylinder. $275 or offer. After 6 p.m. 273-2582.

MERCEDES. 1962 220SE 4-door sedan. Michelin tires, AM/FM radio. 124,000 original miles. 1965 rebuilt automatic transmission. Silver with green leather interior. Runs good, uses dome oil, but general condition is good. Only $975. Call 488-3111.

1968 DODGE crew cab pick-up. $2000 or best offer. 234-8602.

services

LANDSCAPING, patios, decks, fences, light masonry and carpentry. Reliable, reasonable, references. R. Clark, 459-9353.

TYPING done by experienced secretary, my home. Call Mrs. Wade, 263-5373.

BACKPACKING tents made to order, dome-like, no stakes or ropes, protection from mosquitoes and weather. Super light-weight, only 2½-3½ pounds. Also other backpacking equipment made, custom. Cathy or Don, 753-5665.

SANDBLASTING, welding, fiberglass, woodwork, repairs, electrical, stained glass available at Claus' Studio, 2150 Jimmy Durante, Del Mar.

FRIENDLY EAR will listen to you. Whether you have nice or bitter things to say, a wild dream, a silly idea or a fantasy to share, or feel alone and miserable, even cheerful, call 296-1626, Guy.

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